The Stolen Pleture,

Good-by, red mouth and lovely painted eyes. Wherein there lies Wherein there lies
The warmth of pussion of late summer sides;
Good-by, brown hair, thrilled through with
sense of gold.
And hands that never yet lay in man's bold;
Good-by the stately presence and the grace,
The proud, pule face.
The far-off smile just tolerating praise;
Good-by to all that I have loved so well—
My queen, my lady of love ineffable!

How did I lengh to hear men prate of you, When first they knew That you were strangely vanished from their your ware strangely vanished. view! But not forever, for I, e'er death, return This marvel for which dead eyes can not Oh, those long summer days of dust and flame.
Through which I came
And whispered heath my breath your flower-

sweet name! nal's countess, how you dwelt slone a solitude of beauty of your own!

Deformed-half mad at times, not sweet my

Deformed—hair use.

If the life,
Uncheered by wife
Or friend, or child, to aid me in the strife—
Or friend, or child, to aid me in the strife—
But I had heart to feel with, and eyes to see,
And when I saw you in the gallery—
Your wavering beauty, and the swift sur-

se strange eyes, warmth and passions of late summer I knew you must be mine to hold alway.
Till death should shut me from the light of
day.

Money I had, who had naught else beside; Bo test applied; "Should I one night within the gallery hide— Five thousand pounds!" "I'en thousand Five thousand pounds!" "Ten thousand pounds, quoth he,
The warder of the place. "So let it be!"
What matter any price that made you mine!
Soon suns will shine

Epon you, sweet, no longer in this shrine Where I have kept you safe from all men Feasting my eyes upon you day and night,

All men will worship you, but surely none All men will worship you, our same,
As I have done,
As I have done,
My mystic moon by night, by day my sun.
Could that mouth so stir I know what tones
would come
From those immortal lips now ever dumb;
Sweet lips that can not know a lover's kins!
Oh, what strange bliss.
Could one but take that slender hand in bis,
The perfect hand, whose flower-like fingers

About the stem of its perpetual rose. Surely I know that I am dying fast,

And, at the last,
I am right shal to think upon the past.
I am right shal to think upon the past.
To think you have been here so many days—
Why, I have felt the presence of your face.
Come through my sleep, its dreams to giorify!
Sweetheart, good-by!
Let them come now, and gaze; so did it, I'
There hangs the stolen picture, stolen by me
By me given back since deal eyes can not see.
—Philip Bourke Marston, in Chicage Times.

How to Lay Turf.

A landscape gardener who has had much experience in cutting and laying down sod writes: Where new turf has to be laid there is no time of the year so good for doing it as the autumn. The extra rush of growth which the various grasses make when the soil and air are moistened by the rains that gen-erally fall at that season is such as to admit of the roots making good the loss which they have suffered in removal, and getting well hold of the soil before winter sets in. When such work has to be done late in winter the drying March winds make gaping joints, despite the free use of the beater, necessitating the trouble of watering, which in dry springs, where much work of this kind has to be carried out late, causes a good deal of labor, with an unsatisfactory state of the turf through the ensuing support. through the ensuing summer. Cutting and laying turf are usually looked upor as such simple operations that any la-borer can do them, but the condition in which this kind of work when completed may often be seen proves the contrary. In the neighborhood of towns, where the material has often to be bought, turing is usually the most unsatisfactory work connected with making new places or alterations in old ones. Much of the turf procurable is so foul with weeds and full of coarse grasses as to require an unlimited amount of weeding before it can be brought even into fair condition. To admit of turf being laid well and quick ly, more care is needed in cutting the turves than is often bestowed upon that operation. When an ordinary line is used, without constant watch-fulness it gets pressed by the iron out of the straight line, causing the turves to be so much narrower or wider than they should, and the result is that they come to be laid there is no end of filling in with bits required. If, instead of the line, a long, straight-edged board were used, the turves could be cut exactly equal in width and in half the time compared with where a garden line is employed, and, as will be easily understood, the longer the board the quicker the work may be got on with. The board used should have a hole an inch or two from each end that will admit of an iron pin being put through it, such as that used for a garden line. These pins thrust into the ground keep the board in its place. er such conditions, a handy man with a sharp revolving cutter running against the edge of the board on which his feet are placed will cut the turves as straight as an arrow, and twice as fast as when the ordinary garden line is used. I need scarcely add that turves should not be rolled up for any length of time, as the grass gets blanched and the roots dried up; nor need I allude to the necessity for having the ground to be laid not only quite free from inequalities of surface, except such as are intentional, but also the material with which hellows material with which hollows are tilled up made solid enough to prevent its settling into holes afterward. an inch of fine soil spread on the top of newly-laid turf is a great assistance to it, especially if laid at a time when dry weather may be soon afterward looked for. Where work of this kind has yet to be done, the sooner it is completed

the better, for reasons already stated. Marshal Soult.

Few private individuals ever possess ed a more costly collection of paintings than Marshal Soult, and none assuredly ever got one so chesp. When he was in Spain he remembered the fa-

Good old rule and simple plan.
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can.
And so, having the power to help himself to pictures in convents, and noblemen's mansions, and galleries, and libraries, he helped himself. An old, retired officer, who served under him, tells with high glee many a queer story of the "artful dodges" which the military picture-fancier employed to obtain possession of any valuable canvas. When, for instance, he had reason to believe that the monks of any convent had secreted a Murillo, or an altarpiece by any less renowned painter, he used to cause the father prior and subprior, and all the functionaries of the establishment, to be taken one by one self to pictures in convents, and noble establishment, to be taken one by one to a platoon of soldlers, and thore threatened with instant death in the event of their not producing the coveted picture. In some cases he actually had poor fellows shot for declining to give information or having none to give, but generally speaking, the measure produced the wished for effect. Napoleon more than once called him Napoleon more than once called him to account for the pictures which he was known to have thus got, but he cunningly contrived to avoid giving up any of real importance. It was not from any love of art that the bluff soldier pillaged in this way, but from love of money.—Every Salurdsy.

What Have I Done?

I lay my finger on Time's wrist to score
The forward-surging moments, as they roll;
Each puge seems quicker than the one before:
And led my day spile un maninet my scall.
As clouds pile up against the golden sun;
Ains! What have I dener Wunt have I done?

never steep the rosy hours in sleep, Or hide my sout us it a stoomy crypt;
No lide hands into my besom creep;
And yet, as water-drops from house-cares
drip,
So, viewless, melt my days, and from me run;
Aias! What have I done? What have I done?

I have not missed the fragrance of the flowers, Or so, rued the moste of the flowing rils. Whe se numerous, liquid tengues sing to the hours: Yet rise my days, behind me, like the hills, Unstarred by hight of mighty triumphs wen; Alas! What have I done? What have I done

Postfil my soul restrain thy lips from well Cease thy lament! for life is but the flower; The fruit comes after death; how canst thou know
The roundness of his form, its depth of
power?
Death is life's morning. When thy work's be-

Then ask thyself—What yet is to be done? —Liflian Blanche Fearing, in The Current. THAT BOY.

How He Ingratiated Himself Into Parm. er Granger's Confidence.

"Husband! there's somebody out in the yard sawing wood. Who do you s'pose it is?"

Farmer Granger turned himself in

bed. listening a moment, and then, with a sleepy sigh of one who realizes that the time for dreaming is over and work hours are at hand, replied: "It's old Warner, likely. He's had time to get over his tantrum. I'll

The farmer's toilet was not one that required hours to perfect, and before Mrs. Granger had concluded that it was time for her to "be stirring." the brown could have been seen at the farther end of the kitchen, while two keen green-gray eyes peered through the half open blind. No red-nosed or haggard-faced old

man met his gaze, but a pale-checked. barefooted boy, whose low whistle kept time as he worked, while the heap of sticks at his feet gave evidence that his saw had made quick pace since sunrise.

"What are you about, my boy?" was the farmer's salutation as be neared

"I thought, maybe, von'd give me some breakfast if I sawed awhile," answered the lad, looking up as if to note how this proposition would be rewived.

"Breakfast! Of course! We never turn folks away hungry. Where'd you come from?" "Over east," was the indefinite re-

ply. Where'd you sleep last night?"

"Under the bushes, down the road : "Well, you're a great one! I should half interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye. "Do you pleasant twinkle in his eye. mind telling your name?" "Jap, sir.

"Jap, sir."
"Jap, hey?"
"That's what they all call me—my real name's Jasper."

"Who are they-your father and mother?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"Brothers and sisters?"
"Not one," was the curt reply. The farmer looked sharply at the boy from under his broad-brimmed hat, as the saw plied to and fro, and doubtless he would have pushed his inquiries still further had not the impatient lowing of Whitey and Doll reminded him that it

was milking time.
"Well, you don't look over and above strongish. You'd better let that wood alone till you get some victuals down.'
"I'd rather keep on," was the only answer; and the work proceeded with no further interruption till Ethel, the three-years'-old pet of the family, came trotting around the corner of the house. o announce in her baby fashion that b'e'k'ast" was ready.

'Come right in, come right in. You've airned a good meal of victuals;" come right in and Farmer Granger led the way, with is little girl perched upon his shoulder. The lad silently took the place assigned him at one end of the square table opposite Ethel and her father while Mrs. Granger and a happy-faced old lady occupied seats on either side

The first supply of boiled ham and baked potatoes had disappeared from the boy's plate, and the second installment was vanishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger suddenly discovered that he had no butter.

"No, ma'am; I don't care for itthis bread is good enough without any," was the reply when the plate

Mrs. Granger received this compliment with a pleased smile, and an extra large doughnut immediately found its way to accompany the butterless bread.
"I'd like to work awhile longer to

pay for that breakfast," remarked the boy, as he followed the farmer through the woodhouse. "I haven't tasted any-thing so good in a long time." and the saw was taken up without permission. "Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner. We always mean to have good victuals and a plenty of 'em

questioned the farmer as the lad picked up his bundle after dinner and "I don't know, sir," he replied, dig-ging his bare toes in the dirt. "I spose I'll stop anywhere I can get

"What's the matter with this place?" with a little twinkle of the gray eyes. "That wood's to cut, and it'll take three or four days, at the least calcu-lation. I'll agree to give you enough to eat and a comf table bed. Maybe

by that time you'll want to run hom The boy's eyes flashed, but he set his lips firmly together and made no an swer for a minute; then he said:

"You are very kind, sir. I will stay if you will let me Solomon Granger, you're ,crazy!' exclaimed the nervous little woman when her husband related the forego ing conversation. "The idea of hav-ing that boy in the house all night! I shan't sleep a single wink. Likely as not he'll kill us all before morning. and make off with everything there is

"Oh, no: I guess he's all right," was the farmer's rejoinder, while a sweet voice came from over the knitting: "I never saw a boy with such a face that had anything in him but good and honest blood. Depend upon it, Lowry, there ain't nothin' wrong about that

faithfully at his work, saying little and revealing nothing in regard to himself. The farmer's wife, meanwhile, worried and fretted, turned a dozen keys at night, and was surprised when morn-ing dawned to find everything un-

"What are you going to do about going to church?" she asked, anxious-ly, on Sunday moraing. "There's that bor?"

"Inere's room coougn on the wa "I know-but tain't a bit likely he'll want to go. And I don't dare to leave him home; there's no telling what he'll

"I wouldn't worry about that boy he ain't going to run off with the The proffered seat, however, was

declined, the boy saying:
"My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather
stay 'round bere."
So Mrs. Granger, with numberless misgivings, clambered into the high wagon, tacking little Ethel in beside ier, and off they went over the hills to the town two miles away.

"Let me see," began grandma, when the last load of neighbors had passed the gate, "your name's Jasper, an't "Jasper, ma'am."

"Yes. Well, can you read?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, s posing you read out loud to me a spell." And a little old.

brought from the great chest in the corner, entitled "Tales of a Grandmother

So the boy read, and grandma, folding her wrinkled hands-hands that were always busy on other days-leaned back with a look of contentment on her sweet old face, thinking to herself, "As if I'd be afeared o'

"You must ha' been to school considerable," was the comment when the first chapter was ended.

"I never went. was the response "Never! Who learned you to read, then? "Mother."

The boy seemed reluctant to engage n any conversation, and hastened to begin the second chapter. Some time passed, till at length, the one auditor alling asleep, the story was continued Grandma's nap was brought to a

udden close by a loud rap on the uter door. Two men stood on the doorsten, illoking fellows, and very dirty in ap-

pearance. "Can you give us something to eat?" asked one.
"Sartin, sartin: come right in and sit

down," said the old lady, bustling off to the pantry. "What do you like best, apple pie or custard?" And soon a bountiful repast was spread upon the table, and the good things vanished The boy eved the two sharply, while grandma, after receiving somewhat crusty answers to her few kindly ques-

tions, sat placidly rocking. The eyes of the two men moved searchingly about the room. Finally one asked: "Folks gone to church?"
"La, yes," replied the old lady innontly. "Our folks never stay at home
r nothin."

The speaker threw a quick glance toward his companion, and the other nodded. Neither movement escaped the watchful eyes in the corner. A moment after the boy left his seat,

sauntered across the room and stopped by the window to look up the road. and then going through the little hall which led out of the kitchen, he called from the foot of the stairs:

"Dave! Dave! you asleep up there?"
"What do you want?" sounded struff voice from the stairway. "Come down, can't you, and bring along Tige and Fritz! Don't go to

sleep again."

Grandma heard this in mingled amazement and alarm. Could the boy be in league with these two men, and be in waiting up stairs.

As if in confirmation of her fears a low growl sounded from the room overhead. Then came a sharp yelp, ollowed by little whines of impatience and with a careless "Hurry up, Dave," the lad walked leisurely back to the the lad walked leisurely back to the kitchen. As he reached the door, grandma, overwhelmed with consternation, made a desperate rush for the sedroom beyond, locking the door behind her.

The men in the meantime neared the

"Got some dogs up there, have yo?" ne said with a disagreeable leer.
"You heard 'em, didn't you?" was he careless rejoinder.
"Come on Jim." addressing his com

panion, "we might as well clear; our game's up."
"Don't be a fool," was the reply in an undertone, "Who's afraid o' pups?

"Yer dogs ain't fierce, be they, oungster?" "Fritz ain't over and above friendly to strangers," replied the boy coolly; "and if I were you I wouldn't be 'round here when Tige gets out for a run.'
Then in a louder tone:

"Dave, sin't you coming? But don't et Tige loose till these men get away." At this the men moved off, cursing the dogs, and muttering low, wrathful threats, while the lad, with a final "I salvise you to put a good piece o' ground between you and Tige,' closed the door, softly sliding the bolt.

Then going to the room where grandma lay crouched upon the bed,

carcely during to stir, he called through the keyhole: "They're gone. You can come out

"The dogs?" gasped a faint voice.
"There ain't any," he answered softly. "Open the door and I'll tell

you."
The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and the old lady's face appeared, white and terrified. "Come and sit down," said the boy

tenderly. "I am sorry I frightened you so. I was afruid it would, but I couldn't help it." "I won't stir a single step," said grandma, stoutly. "What do you mean by all this? You can't fool me! I heard the dogs, and the men, too."

A low, pleasant laugh sounded through the room. Twas only me, grandma. I saw those men meant mischief, and I knew something had to be done pretty quick; so I made believe there was

"But the dogs," cried the old lady, bewildered. "Where are the dogs?" "I made 'em bark-listen." And then came from the throat of the little ventriloquist such a torrent of growls, whines and yelps, interspersed with "Down. Tige" and "Be still, Fritz!" that the door was swung open, and grandma leaned against the wall explaining.

exclaiming:
"Well, I never in all my life! If you don't beat all the boys I ever did see! And there I s'posed you was connivin' with them critters, and I was so scart I

was just as weak as a rag."

A while after this fright at the farmhouse, old Billy, with his load of three, was ploiding along peacefully over the brow of the little hill a quarter of a mile from home, when suddenly Mrs. Granger's voice, wild with terror rang out sharply on the still air: "The house is a-fire!" she scream "And grandmu! oh, Solomon, grandma's killed I'll never forgive my-self, never. Why did we leave that boy? Oh, run the horse, Solomon.

"Nonsense," said the easy-going farmer. Nevertheless, he whipped up old Billy, and anxiously scanned the corner of the roof that was just visible behind the trees where the smoke was curling up gray and thick.

A dozen or more pails of water had done their work, however, and only wet, soaked timbers and a blackened pile of rubbish met the farmer's eye when he sprang from his wagon at alighted at the side of the breathless

little worker.

The sight of the house and barn un-The sight of the house and barn un-harmed and grandma standing in the doorway, alive and well, put all fears to flight in an instant. But there was a story to relate, and the boy stood modestly by while grandma dwelt upon the exciting events of the last hour. The tramps, it is supposed, were the incendiaries, but, happily the fire had been discovered in time to prevent

any damage.
The returning loads of church-goers eager to know the cause of the unusual stir, stopped at the farm gate, and the lad suddenly found himself the hero of

the hour.
"I told 'em all the bad qualities of Tige and Fritz, Uncle George's dogs!" exclaimed the boy, unmindful until the words were spoken that his hearers had never heard of "Uncle George' before. Then, with a bright blush, dropped behind one of the men, and the talk go on unheeded.

"I do believe that boy saved my life, Lowry. Depend on't, the Lord sent him And grandma, concluding her story with a long-drawn breath, sat down on the doorstep and was immediately

engaged in an eager talk with Mrs

Atkins. It was many hours before quiet set-tled down upon the inmates of the farmhouse; but before they settled for the night Farmer Granger and his wife learned all that was needful to know of Jasper Goodrick's former life.

The only reason I haven't told you," said the boy in reply to the farmer's question, "is because I was afraid you'd send me back. It might as well come out though—I have run away, but I'll never go back to Uncle George's-I'll die first!"

it was a short story. Until be was seven years old he knew only a happy life. Then, his father's health failing and a sea voyage being determined upon, his father and mother sailed France, leaving him in the care of village minister and his wife. In six months came the news of his father's death, and some weeks later his moth-er, too, died, and was buried in a foreign land. The boy remained with his friends a few months only. Upon the minister's removal to another town, he was taken possession of by a haif-broth er of his father's, a rascally man, who had no love or kind feeling for his nephew. Here he was shamefully treated until he could endure it no longer, and after six years of abuse and tor ment he determined to seek a hom

among strangers.
"I wanted to stay," the boy conclud-"Never, my boy," interrupted the farmer, earnestly. "You can stay with us until you find a better home, and

we will do all we can for you."
"Well," said Mrs. Granger, as sh laid down that night, "the idea of mis-trusting that boy! I declare, it makes me feel mean to think of it."

Early the next morning the farmer harnessed old Billy, and, dressed in his Sunday-best clothes, took the east road over the mountain. He returned late in the afternoon The announcement at the tea table

was startling to at least one hearer.
"I have seen your uncle, Jasper."
The boy's face paled, but the farm are boy's face paled, but the farmer's next words were reassuring.
"He was inclined at first to be a little ugly, but after I had my say out he cooled down a trifle, and I fancy he

won't give you any further trouble. You can just stay here as long as you about that boy," said grandma, with a triumphant nod toward the radiant Jasper. "Depend upon it Lowry, the Lord sent him."

A High Jinks Waiter.

Not new, but true: Scene, Ladies' High Jinks at the Bohemian Club. Mr. and Mrs. George and Cousin Charlie. Mrs. George—Dear, I am so hungry! It makes me hollow to be intellectual. Won't you call a waiter and ask for something?

Mr. George - My darling, that's just what I want to do, but, hang it all, can't be sure which are the waiters. Mrs. George—I should think you'd been in the club long enough to know

the members by this time. Mr. George—So I have, my love; but you see there are a lot of rich men who seldom come to the club save on jink's nights, and I don't know all of

them, even by sight.
Cousin Charlie-What nonsense Now, in my business, it's necessary to be a keen judge of character. I can tell what business a man is in the minute I look at him. See that chump over there by the wall? Now, any-body'd know that he was a waiter. Use your eyes. It's easy enough. (Imperiously) "Waiter! Come over

here and wait upon this lady." The supposed waiter gives a stony glare, walks over, and seats himself by the side of a wealthy society lady, with whom he immediately enters into friendly conversation.

Made An Opening.

"I came here," he explained to the police judge the other morning. "hang out a sign of 'I am blind,' but had scarcely got off the train when found two chaps working the racket.
Too much blindness arouses public suspicion."
"Was that the only opening?"
"No, sir. I started out to the my

head and arm up and work the 'Hel-this poor man who was hurt in a rail road accident,' but the two best cor road accident, but the two were occupied. One fellow had been crushed by a saw-log, and the other had been terribly burned while rescuing a baby." "Pity the poor fire-sufferers!" sighed

"Pity the poor nre-sufferers:" signed his honor.

"About the only thing left," continued the man, "was to be "Born deaf and dumb," but, while I was getting a placard printed by a grocer's clerk, the owner of the store came in and said he had just seen two such chaps walked to the station. Then it was either go to work or come here and be sent up!"

"And you couldn't work?"

"And you couldn't work?" "Mell, I was wearing a placard read-ing. This man would work for 25 cents per day but for his poor health," when the officer collared me. Guess you'll have to make an opening for me

Somewhere."

His honor gave him a placard reading, "This unfortunate person has been elevated for two months."—Detroit

Wants a Fresh Dictionary.

The editor sat sadly at his desk. His mouth was puckered with the expression a man assumes when he tries to cut a tough piece of meat with a silver pie-knife. His cheeks were distended on one side by a chew of tobacco, on the other by a mouthful of Asiatic words. A-f af-g-a-n gan-no, g-a-h-n-hang it! g-h-a-n! Afghanistan.

"Yessir." Run up to the house and tell my wife to send Tommy down with his ge phy the minute he gets home

"All right, sir."
"Let me see. How had I best advise
Gladstone? I wonder whether Murgha
is a man or a place. But its getting

late, so here goes."

To the thoughtful student of inter national politics the recent action of Gladstone cannot but appear weak in the extreme. If he had ordered the troops to attack Rawil-Piscde instead of waiting for Gen. Kushk on the banks of the Komaroff a great advantage to England would certainly have followed and Sarakhs, as far as Rohn-Dilain was concerned, would-

"Bring me a fresh dictionary and as ce-bandage for my head.'

That was a touching story told by

True Even Unto Death.

"Yessir.

Mr. Gladstone when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the her little boy, who was ill with diph theria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The Princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand upon his brow and began to caress him. The touch cooled fevered brain and brought the wan dering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love was stronger than sci-

ence, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a the forms lay concealed beneath the ver-milion coloring of the pouting lips.—

BLUE EYES INCREASE. n Authentic Statement that will Pique

St. Paul Globe.

Blue eyes so bright and tender have ever received the poet's passioned praise since the time when ancient Chaucer built the original lofty rhyme, and until to-day, when the frantic lover, sigh-ing like a furnace, indites a halting sonnet to the object of his passion.

Men adore blue eyes in women and
women reciprocate in kind. Someone
sighs for the old-fashioned girl of fifty
years ago and complains that sweet eighteen of to-day is not comparable with the Venus who then walked the

earth with sparkling orbs of liquid blue The present generation, whose only knowledge of the female beauty of half knowledge of the female beauty of half a century ago is derived from daguer-reotypes of the grandmothers or such old-time fashion plates as have not yet fulfilled their destiny in being used to wrap small packages of tobacco, soap, and candles in country stores, will be pleased to learn that, instead of a decrease, there is an increase in the number of blue eyes since the days of

George IV.

Speaking on the subject yesterday, an eminent professor who has devoted a great deal of attention to the eyes gave this as his opinion: "Without gave this as his opinion: "Without having any data at hand," he said, "I would say that, considering the causes to which blue eyes are attributable, there would be more of that color now

He explained the matter scientifically "I think so because the color of the eye depends on the quantity of the pigment deposited in the iris and the amount of light the eye is called upon to absorb. Fifty years ago people were more exposed to the direct rays of the sun and lived less in retirement than they do now, and therefore the eye was called upon to absorb more light. It would be a fair inference that people who were much exposed to free, open sunlight, and living in a state in-cliping to a state of nature, would have darker eyes than those living in a city.

wearing glasses and remaining a great deal in their homes." "Do you think the color of eyes at tributable in any degree to climatic in

"Yes, the color is subject in a gres degree to climatic influence and th methods of living of the people. To illustrate what I mean about the eye absorbing light, you will observe that walking along in the snow the eye is called upon to absorb a great deal of light, but in looking on a dark piece of velvet it is the reverse. The velvet velvet it is the reverse. The velvet does the absorption. Blue eyes are in-creasing in number, I believe, not de-

There is another standpoint from which the study of eyes is interesting, and that is in relation to the indication they surely give of a person's char-acter The poet has called the eyer the windows of the soul,' and unques tionably they are the most eloquent features of the human countenance, re-

features of the human countenance, reflecting all our qualities and desires, our impulses, our passions, and often our very thoughts.

"By the eyes we form our first impressions of a person's character, and it is very seldom that we change that first feeling, be it good or bad, without the strongest cause. Every trait and quality finds expression in these mirrors. Blue eyes betray two antithetic characters. Large and bright they denote quick perception and great succeptibility of external influences. In the gentler more often than in the sterner sex they are found coupled with fine arched eyebrows, in which case they indicate in men a refined nacase they indicate in men a refined na-ture and sesthetic tastes, and in women a lovable disposition, with a predilec-tion for dress, music, and the fine arts. It is a principle generally recognized by physiognomists that beautiful eyes betoken a corresponding beauty of character, amiability, trustfulness, honor, and devotion.

"Adorers of blue eyes and light eyes"

generally will not be a little disappointed to learn that they signify cunning and deceitfulness, and that physiognomists advise us to beware of them. It

mists advise us to beware of them. It is rather startling information, certainly, in the light of the intelligence that eyes of this color are on the increase. 'Gray eyes are said to denote intelligence, coupled with studiousness and great mental capacity, and adorned by kind feeling. Black eyes are unfathomable, and may either imply decoit and unscrupulousness or a noble elevation of character.

"Eyes like those of any of the lower "Systime those of any of the lower animals, for instance, will be found where the nature of the person possessing them resembles that of the animal in question. But withal, it is still gratifying to find that blue eyes, always most beautiful, are on the increase."—Buffalo News.

FEATURES IN READERS. Interesting Newspaper Sketches Retold for Children and Illustrated.

"The compilers of school-readers nowadays," said a publisher to a New York "san reporter, "have to leave the field they have hitherto gleaned, and turn to the columns of the newspapers. Pictures of curious features of life are relished as much by the youthful as by the adult mind. The wellworn experts from great authors are getting a bit stale in the trade, and teachers are demanding somethin; that will quicken the interest of the

pupils.

"We find many suggestions in the daily newspapers. Do you remember the burning of the World building, and how the boot-black climbed a telegraph pole and cut a wire, which saved the lives of some who were caught in the burning building? Here is a paraphrase

of newspaper story told for a primary class and richly illustrated. "This 'Brave Little Kate' is the outgrowth of a newspaper clipping. Here is a costly engraving of a little girl crawling on hands and knees along a railroad track upon a high trestle work. The rain is pouring and the sky is streaked with lightning. As the picture indicates, the story is that of a girl who, a year or two ago, saved a train out west. Now, you would tell this story in one way in the newspa-pers, but it must be told another way in a second reader. This is the way it

"'Near a large town in the new part of our country there is a place where a railroad track crosses a brook on a high bridge. Not far from the bridge lives the little girl I am going to tell you about. Her name is Kate. One stormy night, not long ago, as little Kate stood looking out of the window, watching for her father to come home, she saw that a train was coming along the track. She could not see the cars she could see the bright light on the front of the engine. While the little girl was looking, and just as the train had got to the brook near by, all at once the engine light seemed to fall

and go out.

"Kate looked again, but no light was to be seen. Then the little girl was afraid that something was wrong. She got a lantern and ran down toward the railroad track. When she got there she found that the bridge was gone— that the rain had washed it away. Then Kate knew that far below, in the foaming water, lay the engine and train she had seen from the window. Now, Kate had often watched the trains go by, so she knew just when to look for them. As she stood there by the broken bridge, it came into her mind that another train would soon come

rushing along.
"The brave little girl made up her mind to save the other train if she could. She started to run back to the nearest station, a mile away. To reach this station she had to cross a ong, high bridge over a broad river. It s not easy to cross this bridge even in the daytime, and this was night—a dark, stormy night. Worse than all, just as Kate got to the bridge the wind blew out the light in her lantern.

"But little Kate did not give up.

The brave little girl crept along the beams on her hands and knees till she reached the other side of the river.
Then she jumped to her feet and ran
on again till she came to the station.
Her clothes were torn and wet, and she could hardly speak. All she could say was: "Stop the train! Stop the train!" Then she fell fainting to the ground. Kate was just in time. In a minute more the cars came along, and the men of the station ran out and stopped

them. "'Was not Kate a brave girl?" "There is action in such a story that sustains the interest far better than pieces about dogs, or cats, or ponies. Then, too, good pictures have become necessary. The best resource of the wood engraver's art is taxed now for school books. It cost \$15,000 to illustrate a recent series of readers. Some of the engravings rival those in magazines. They are made with infi-nite pains to contain all that the text suggests, and to fill the imagination of

"It is customary to think of schoolreader making as the work of young women or college students, but in point of fact it takes a man of great powers of invention to make a first-class series of readers. There is one uccessful author of school books, who, to make up his series of readers, collected and carefully studied every school reader he could find in this country

Sumner's Last Day in the Senate. A friend of humanity, his policy was seace, and the settlement of disputes etween nations by arbitration instead of by war was one of his fondest dreams. Possessed of such benignant sentiments, on December 2, 1872, he introduced a bill which he requested to have "read in full for information." shall give it here; for to carry it to the desk was one of my first acts as a page. It was as follows:

"A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United

"A Bill to regulate the Army Register and the Regimental Colors of the United States.
"WHEREAS the national amity and goodwill among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war: THEREFORE.
"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Resister or placed on the regimental colors of the United States."

The bill was ordered to be printed, and that was the end of its pilgrimage in Congress. It never became a law. But it was discussed elsewhere! The Legislature of Massachuseits heard of it with deepest indignation. The act of Senator Sumner was stigmatized as "an attempt to degrade the loyal soldiery of the Union and their achievements"; and a resolution of censure was introduced and passed by the legislature of the State which had made him its senator.

im its senator.

The resolution of censure was an justice, which would have provoked some men to wrath. But with Mr. Bumner it occasioned not anger, but grief. He had served his State for grief. He had served his State for more than twenty years; and it had stood proudly by him in all his efforts. That it should now, after his long and faithful career, misinterpret his motives, and seem to brand him with represent, was perhaps the saddest blow he had ever sustained. His manner betrayed how it bore upon his mind. Yet when December again appeared, the acceptance was seen towns at any

seat on the opening day, this time to introduce his famous Civil Rights Bill—the first bill of the session. But, as the days slipped by, his face was less frequently seen in the Senate. December, January, February passed—his visits were few and brief.

On the 10th of March, however, he was in attendance. I remember it well. I had not seen him for quite a while, and he called me to his desk. I thought he looked more cheerful than usual.

he looked more cheerful than usual, and I asked after his health. As he whittled a pen, he smilingly chatted with me, and stated that he had come to the Senate to hear pleasant news. He had scarely made the remark, when Senator Boutwell, his colleague, arose and sent up to the clerk's desk to be read a resolution of the Massachusette Legislature. As the clerk proceeded, all eyes turned upon Senator Sumner, who was eagerly listening. It was a resolution rescinding the vote of cenresolution rescinding the vote of cen-sure! Within a few moments after the reading, the senator left the Chamber, and, as I parted from him at the door, he shook hands kindly, and said:

Those were his last words to me. The next day he was dead!-Kdmune Allon, in St. Nicholas for May.

VESUVIUS.

Bil Nye on the Phenomena of Volcas

The study of the habits and temperament of the volcano at a distance of

ment of the volcano at a distance of about 10,000 miles is one that has always afforded me much pleasure. In watching and noting the peculiar phenomena of the eruptions I have almost lost sight of its attendant dangers.

A volcano is always feverish and restless till after the eruption, then it feels better. The first symptoms of an eruption are cold feet, bad dreams, bad breath, and dark circles around the crater. This will be followed by the crater. This will be followed by an uncomfortable feeling in the bowels of the earth and a fluttering pulse. The volcano is then about to erupt, and those who live near there had better

sell out at a sacrifice.
One thousand eight hundred and eighty-four years ago the Roman geographer and weather-crank. Strabo, spoke of Vesuvius as a burnt mountain; but it had not at that time turned itself wrong side out. Quite a forest grew where its crater now stands. For but kept on drawing its salary without loss of time, but in A. D. it turned itself loose and tore up the ground a good deal. Real estate went to an astonishing height, but became depressed at once. The south half of the mountain once. The south hair of the mountain was jerked loose, as Pliny has it, and knocked galley-west. This was followed by a shower of hot, wet ashes, which completely obliterated Pompeit and Herculaneum. Those two towns have been exhumed lately; but, owing to the criminal delay of the authorities in doing as a rolling way was asked.

in doing so, no lives were saved.

These cities are not covered with lava. Scientists say that the ruins were found under a deep layer of volcanic tufa. I do not know what tufa is, but presume the term is perfectly proper and safe to use in good society. I have heard of the tufa cigar, which is sold at the rate of tufa five cents but sold at the rate of tufa five cents, but I am comparatively ignorant of the general appearance of volcanic tufa. This is a joke that I thought of myself. Times are so close this winter This is a joke that I thought of myself. Times are so close this winter
that I am obliged to originate a good
many of my own jokes and to write
my own autographs. My amanuensis,
who has stood by me so long and aided me so well, has been discharged.
Autograph-hunters will notice that my

autographs are not so good as when bad my amanuensis. For nearly 1,000 years Vesuvius then remained in a comatose state, with only an occasional eruption. Then for 500 years it did not erupt. In 1538, on the shores of the gulf of Baise, in the bay of Naples, a new and attractive crater was opened. It was a good, easy-running crater, and the lava was hot when it came out. Hot lava is not good for

food. It hardens the stom taints the breath with the odor of sul In 1681 Vesuvius itself again became intensely irritable and showed signs of a morbid desire to crupt. During the ,500 of quiet the crater had been covered over with forests infested by wild boar of Italy, and the tame bore of England. The slopes of the mountain were cultivated up to the foot of the cone, and Sunday-school picnics awarmed over the green-awards at its

Suddenly, in the latter part of De-cember, Vesuvius rose on its hind feet and painted Rome red. All Southern Europe and a part of York State were covered with ashes and debris from the internal economy of the volcano. Many people were killed who had never pre-viously lost their lives. The way Vesuvius slung hot mud at the Neapolitan hordes that fall was a solemn warning to the puny pushers of putrid politics in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The beautiful cities of Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata would have perished if they had not spread the names of the towns over themselves and escaped. A good ong name in Italy is rather to be chos-

an than riches.

About every ten years since the above date, Vesuvius has been liable to jar the country and shake down a few towns, covering the people with stuff that is entirely useless. The cruption of Vesuvius is a fine sight at night. No doubt that there will always be more or less apprehension on the part of speculators until some American "rustler" puts a damper in the crater of Vesuvius, so he can regulate the eruption. At present those spasms are too irregular and too vehement. nglenide.

The following from the Philadelphia Times is of interest, though a little more testimony on the closing expression would be acceptable in this country: Gen. Grant's income has been derived from the interest on the quar-ter million subscribed for him a few ter million subscribed for him a few years ago and from his pay, lately, as a retired general. Col. Fred Grant has no means, all his money having gone up with Grant & Ward. Ulyssea B. Jr. is not likely to want, as his father-in-law, ex-Senator Chaffee, is very rich. Jesse Grant is practically poor—the only really settled child of the General being Nellie, whose position by marriage with a member of an old and wealthy English family places her beyond the reach of want.

A lady not a resident of Lisbon, D.
T., had a house and lot there, and the
city ordered her to build a sidewalk by
it. She neglected or refused to build
it, and the city constructed the walk
and sent her a bill for \$100. She waxed wroth, had the house torn down and
taken away on the cars, and she then
informed the city authorities they might
have the old lot.

The entire literature of Abyssinia, its said, does not include more than 100